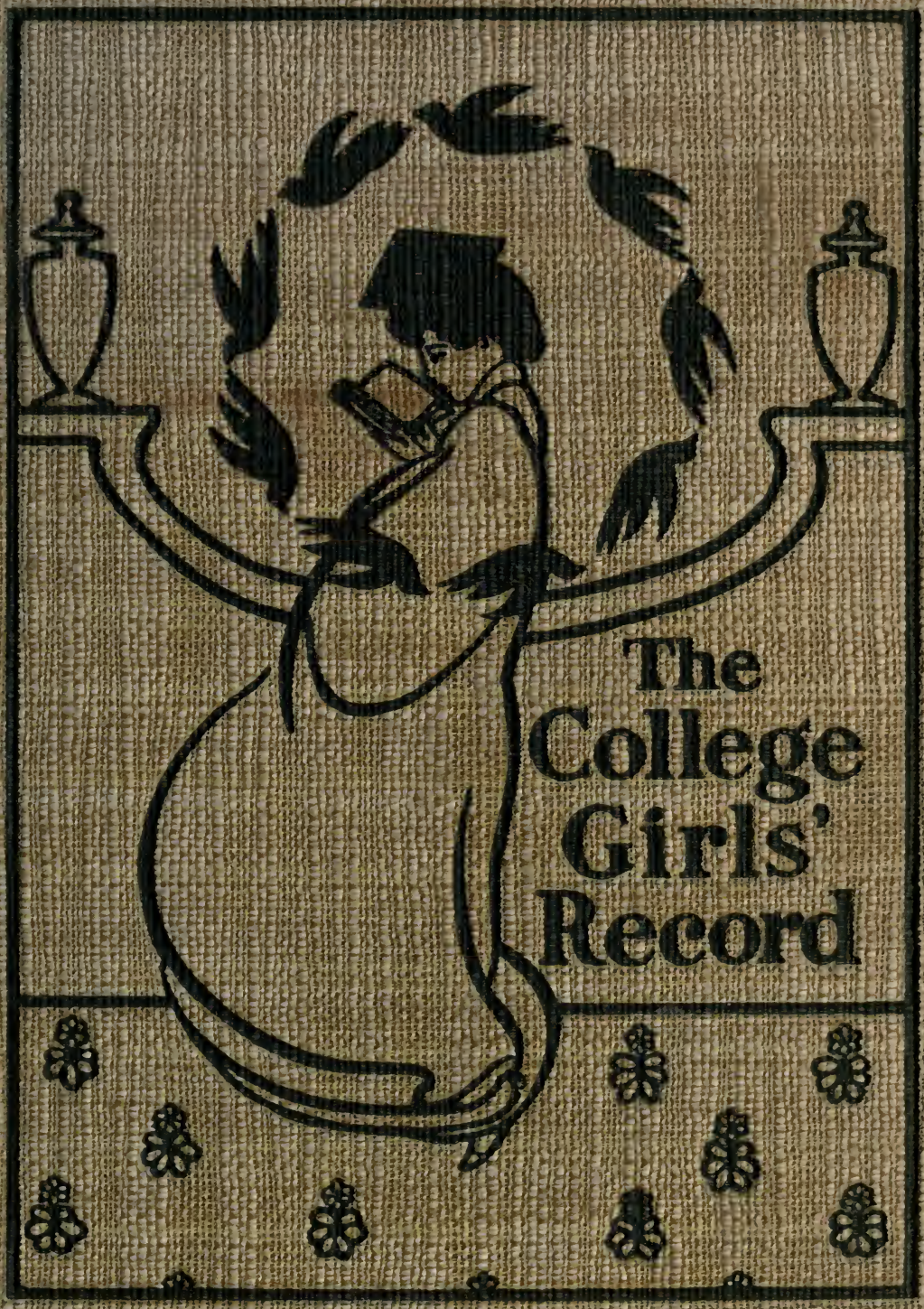
The
College
Girls'
Record

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V. Frame

College Girls' Record

A Chronicle of Memories

Being a Register of Statistics
A History of Impressions and Events in
Four Years of College Life

Compiled and
Arranged by

Virginia Woodson Frame

Paul Elder and Company
Publishers, San Francisco

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The Tomoye Press

Trusting that every girl, who keeps this book, realizing how much her own college has been to her, may be as loyal and as devoted to it as I am to mine, and that each in her innermost heart, where the image of that college ever dwells, may be certain—as I am—that her own is the best, I gratefully and affectionately dedicate this book to my college home, the place where so many happy and profitable days of my student life were spent, Smith College

My Alma Mater

Name of College

Location

Size

President

My Class

Prepared at

College Color

College Yell

Class Color

Photos

Photos

Photos

Statistics

Women's Colleges

Statistics

Co-Educational Colleges

First Impressions

Date of Arrival

First Acquaintance

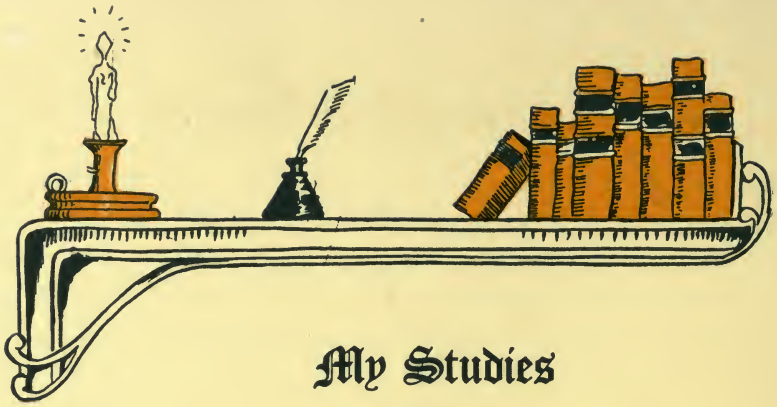
First Impressions

First Impressions

Some Pictures of the Faculty

Some Pictures of the Faculty

My Favorite Teacher



My Studies

First Year

Second Year

Third Year

Fourth Year

My Studies

Course

Leading to Degree of

My Favorite Study

One Most Disliked

Hardest

Greatest Snap

Notes

My College Home

Description

My Room

Description

The Ideal Co-ed

The ideal co-ed is a thing of books,
A creature of brain entirely;
With stooping shoulders and studious looks,
She digs all day and half the night;
People say she is wondrous bright,
But her figure's an awful sight!
Her thoughts are deep in the classic past,
She only thinks of A. B. at last;
She has fled this world and its masculine charms,
And a refuge found in Minerva's arms.

Now the kind of co-ed that I describe
Is a co-ed seen very rarely;
The real co-ed's a thing of grace,
With dainty figure and winsome face;
She walks and rides, and she cuts, *mon Dieu!*
But every professor lets her through;
For her each year is a round of joy,
A. B. means nothing if not "A Boy,"
And you and I must yield to her charms,
And take the place of Minerva's arms.

STANFORD QUAD.

The Neighborhood

Notes

My Favorite Walk

The Flowers

Pictures About College

Some of Our Buildings

Classmates

Most Popular Girl in My Class

Prettiest

Most Talented

Most Hopeless

Best Dresser

Best Dancer

Most Athletic

My Roommate

My Chum

My Upper Class Love

Pictures of Some of My Friends

Public Days, Celebrations, Receptions

Dances, Teas

Hallowe'en and Other Gala Days

Spreads, Feasts and Picnics

Snap Shots of Our Spreads

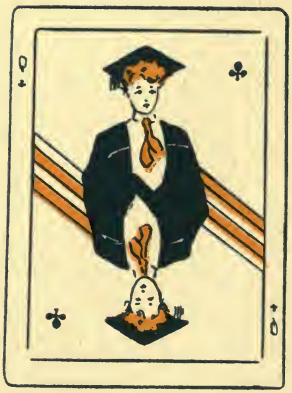
Chafing-Dish Recipes

Recipes

Sororities

Societies and Clubs

Societies and Clubs



Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs

Pictures of Our Musical Clubs

Programmes of Dances, Concerts, Musicales

Programmes of Dances, Concerts, Musicales

Invitations

Fair Smith

Fair Smith, our praise to thee we render,
O dearest college halls,
Bright hours that live in memory tender
Are winged within thy walls.
O'er thy walks the elms are bowing,
Alma Mater,
Winds 'mid branches softly blowing,
Ivy round thy towers growing,
Alma Mater.

Though time may prove the pleasure fleeting,
No hour is sped in vain.
True hearts behold the future meeting;
Our friendship cannot wane.
Of thy care forgetful never,
Alma Mater,
Bound by ties that naught can sever,
Still to thee returning ever,
Alma Mater.

And while the hills with purple shadows
Eternal vigil keep,
Above the happy river meadows
In golden haze asleep,
May thy children thee addressing,
Alma Mater,
Still with grateful praise unceasing,
Speak in loyal hearts thy blessing,
Alma Mater.

Regina K. Crandall, '90.

Some of Our Songs

Some of Our Songs

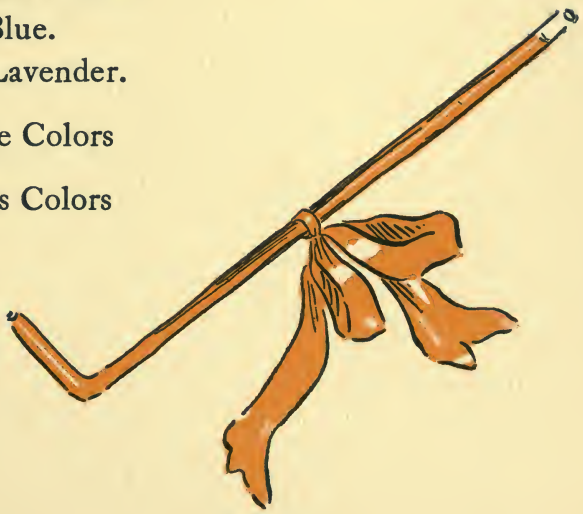
Clippings

College Colors

Barnard—Light Blue and White.
Bryn Mawr—Yellow and White.
Chicago University—Pink.
Colby—Gray.
Cornell—White and Red.
Dickinson—White and Rose Red.
Elmira—Purple and Gold.
Stanford—Red.
Michigan—Blue and Maize.
Mt. Holyoke—Light Blue.
Radcliffe—Red and White.
Randolph-Macon—Orange and Black.
Smith—White.
Swarthmore—Garnet and Pearl.
Tufts—Blue and Brown.
University of California—Blue and Gold.
Vassar—Rose and Gray.
Washington University (*St. Louis*)—Orange, White and Blue.
Wellesley—Blue.
Wesleyan—Lavender.

Our College Colors

Class Colors



College Seals

Mottoes

VASSAR—*Purity and Wisdom.*

SMITH—ENTH APETHI THN TNΩΣIN.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—*Numen lumen.*

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY—*Quæqumque sunt vera.*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—*In unum versi.*

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN—*Artes Scientia Veritas.*

College Flowers

State Universities usually adopt the State Flower.

California—California Poppy.
Colorado—White and Purple Columbine.
Idaho—Syringa.
Iowa—Wild Rose.
Kansas—Sunflower.
Michigan—Apple Blossom.
Minnesota—Moccasin.
Mississippi—Magnolia.
Montana—Bitter Root.
North Dakota—Goldenrod.
Oklahoma—Mistletoe.
Texas—Blue Bonnet.
Utah—Sego Lily.
Vermont—Red Clover.
Washington—Rhododendron.

Our College Flowers

Class Flowers

College Cheers

Albany (*Ore.*)—"Rata-ter thrat, ter thrat, ter trat, terra-ter-lix, ter-lix, ter-lix, Kicka-ba-ba, Kicka-ba-ba, Albany! Albany! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Alma—"One, two, three, Hip, hi, hoo, ray, Alma, Rah! Rah! Rah! Yah! Yah!"

Atlanta University—"Rah! Rah! Rah! Ah! See! Atlanta University!"

Bates—"B-A-T-E-S! Rah! Rah! Rah! Boom-a-laka, Boom-a-laka, Boom! Bates! Boom!" (Repeat.)

Brown University—"Rah! Rah!—Rah! Rah!—Rah! Rah!—Brown! Brown! Brown!—Ki Yi! Ki Yi! Ki Yi!—Hicki! Hicki! Hoorah!" (Repeat three times.)

Cornell University—"Cornell! I yell, yell, yell! Cornell!"

Dickinson—"Hip-rah-bus-bis-Dickinsonien-Sis-Tiger!"

Illinois—"Rah hoo rah! Boom-a-laka, kick-a-rick-a-roi! Old Illinoise! Boom-zip-boom, Tiger-zah!"

Indiana University—"Indiana Rah! Indiana Rah! Rah! Gloriana Indiana Rah!"

Leland Stanford Junior University—"Rah! Rah! Rah! (twice) Rah! Rah! Stanford!"

Mt. Holyoke—"H-o-l-y-o-k-e, Hol-yoke, Hol-yoke are we!" (The cheer is sung by the girls.)

Randolph-Macon—"Rah! Rah! Rah!—Ree! Ree! Ree!—Vive le R-M-W-C! Who are we? (repeat) Girls of the R-M-W-C!"

Swarthmore—"Rah! Rah!—Rah! Rah! Rah!—Rah! Rah!—Rah! Rah! Rah!—Swarthmore."

University of Alabama—"Rah! Rah! Sis boom ah! Rah! Rah! Alabama!"

University of California—"Ha! Ha! Ha! Cal-i-for-ni-a! U. C. Berkeley! Zip! Boom! Ah!"

University of Missouri—"Rah! Rah! Rah! Missouree! M. S. U. Universitee! Hoorah! Hirah! Siree!"

University of North Carolina—"Yackty yack! Hooray hooray! Hooray hooray! Carolina Varsity! Boom rah! Boom rah! Car-o-li-na!"

University of Southern California—"Rackety! Hackety! Wah! Who! Wah! (repeat) Zip! Boom! Bah! (repeat) U! S! C! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Whitman—"Berke-ke-kex! Koax! Koax! (repeat) Ho-up! Ho-up! Parabaloo! Whitman!"

Wilson—"Conococheague, chi ha ha ha, Wilson! Wilson! Rah! Rah! Rah! W-I-L-S-O-N, Sis! Boom! Ah!"

To the Greater University

I hear the break of a sea of seas
And the thud of a league-long crest;
I hear the shock of the King of Seas
On the wall of the mighty West.

I see the plumes of forest kings
From Sierra's snow to plain;
God's amphitheatre tier on tier,
Where Pine and Redwood reign.

What sapphire sky and purple mist,
No Italy so blest;
O vision of Hesperides!
Land of the sun-down West!

What inland seas of golden grain,
What vine and orange tree,
What flower-set banks and poppy hosts,
What summer reverie!

What carnival of sunny hours,
And lull of drowsy noon,
An Indian summer's dream is mine
In the golden afternoon.

The sunset lights a Queen of Bays—
A thousand flags are flaunting;
The world's afloat! and East and West
Salute with colors vaunting.

Oh, what a royal red is where
  Yon western sea lies dreaming!
And through the Golden Gate flung wide
  The sun-down light is streaming.

The sun's last sheaves are caught in the leaves
  Where Oak and Pine enfold,
And mile-long level spears of light
  Break to a dust of gold.

What spires and column-crests are those
  The sunset light hath kissed?
What temple-top is that whose base
  Is veiled in violet mist?

What city that—all wrought in white,
  What halls are those I see?
'Tis reincarnate Athens built
  By Balboa's western sea!

Oh, what a reach of colonnade
  And domes to prop the sky,
And porches welcoming the world
  To truth that cannot die!

Thy steeples climb to Heaven's height,
  To lift mine hope as far;
Thy finger-spire doth point the way
  To yonder God-built star!

LESLIE M. TURNER, '03.

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My Short Vacations

My Short Vacations

Thanksgivings

Christmases

Easters

My Summer Vacations

First Year

Second Year

Third Year

College Publications

Editors

Notes

Snap Shots of Noted Visitors and Lecturers

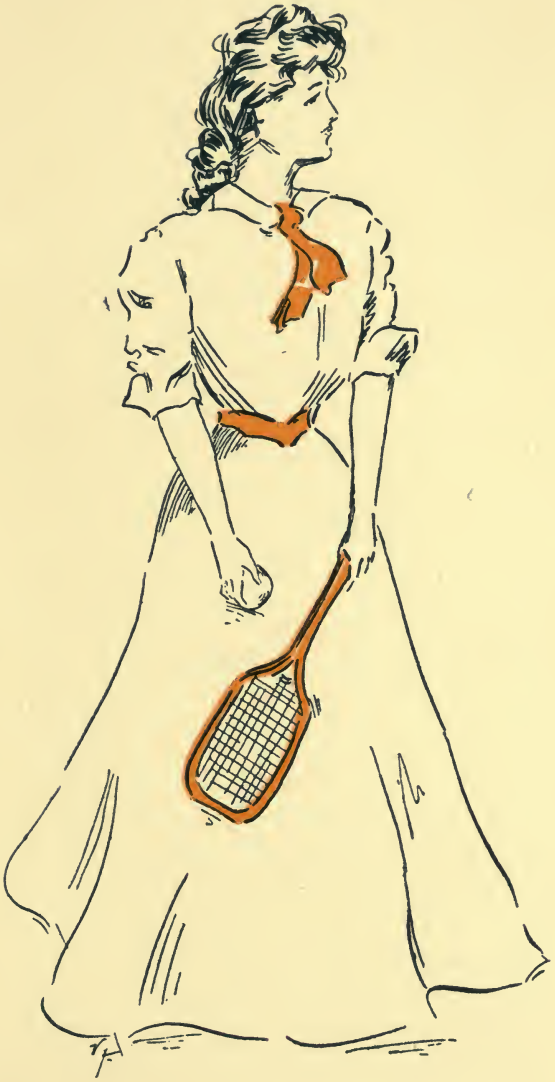
Notes or Clippings Concerning Noted Visitors

In Ethics

Behind our books we trembling cower
Nor lift our eyes at all,
But pale we quake, for conscience doth
Make cowards of us all.

E. H. W., *Vassar Miscellany.*

Athletics



Basket=Ball

Tennis

Golf

Boating, Wheeling and Other Recreations

Boating, Wheeling and Other Recreations

Dramatics

Photographs of Our Plays

Photographs of Our Plays

Comments and Criticisms

Programmes of Our Plays

Wellesley in Autumn

In yellow and in saffron it is dressed,
Changing by imperceptible degrees
To tawny red and russet in the trees,
And brown of fallen leaves upon the breast
Of all the earth.

A tumbling wind careens across the grass,
Chasing the dead leaves here and there in glee;
Or else, in empty whirling columns free,
Forming them in one mad, round, dancing mass
With savage mirth.

The twilight breathes a silent, waiting drowse;
A few leaves curve down gently here and there,
In the clear coolness of the evening air,
From the great oaks with massive, up-flung boughs
And mighty girth.

Each night, though winter has not yet begun,
Drives the sharp frost still farther in the ground;
The grass with thicker white each morn is found—
And this soft covering, melting at the sun,
Is snow at birth.

M. Berry Wood, *Wellesley Magazine.*

Charter Day

Date of Founding

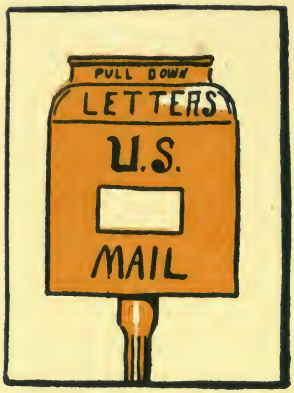
Notes

Other Colleges Visited

Men I Met While at College

Men I Met While at College

Telegrams



Letters

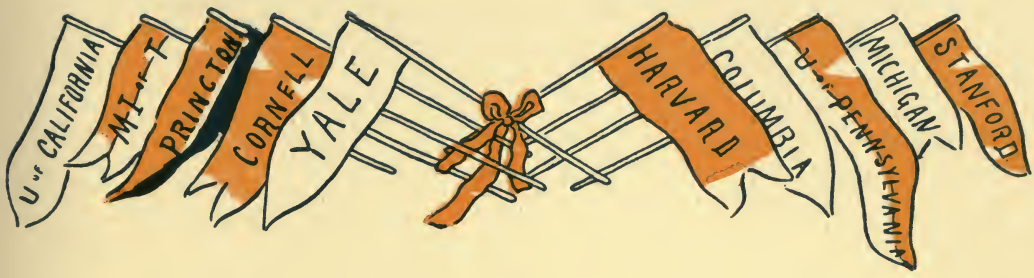
Letters

Bulletin-Board Notes

Red-Letter Days

Red-Letter Days

Football, Baseball, or Regattas Attended



Grinds

Grinds

The Tastes of Yesterday

Wrote a poet long ago—
In the classic age, you know—
Verses dignified and fine,
Telling "how we Romans dine."

Boars and peacocks, shell-fish, too,
All were dainties, while a stew
Made of oil and bitter brine
Was as welcome as their wine.

Vainly often do we seek
English words for dishes Greek,
While we say: "What dreadful food
Did the Romans think was good!"

If some poet living now,
Knowing what we eat and how,
Should commit it all to rhyme
To the girls of after time,

Mention "Deacon Porter's hat,"
"Freshman's tears," and add to that
Praises of those dainties three,
"Wiggle," "Mud," and "Mystery."

Should he sing in such a strain
Future maids might seek in vain
For the meaning, while they'd say,
"Strange—the tastes of yesterday!"

R. K. K., *Mt. Holyoke.*

Miscellaneous

Miscellaneous

Miscellaneous

A Toast

Here's to the Freshman, verdant and green,
Here's to the Sophomore, naughty,
Here's to the Junior, fair, youthful queen,
And here's to the Senior, so haughty.
Toast with your glasses,
Drink to the lasses,
We'll warrant each proves a delight to
her classes.

Freshman Year

Diary of Freshman Year

Diary of Freshman Year

Diary of Freshman Year

Diary of Freshman Year

Diary of Freshman Year

Sophomore Year

Diary of Sophomore Year

Diary of Sophomore Year

Diary of Sophomore Year

Diary of Sophomore Year

Diary of Sophomore Year

Junior Year

Diary of Junior Year

Diary of Junior Year

Diary of Junior Year

Diary of Junior Year

Diary of Junior Year

Senior Year

Diary of Senior Year

Diary of Senior Year

Diary of Senior Year

Diary of Senior Year

Diary of Senior Year

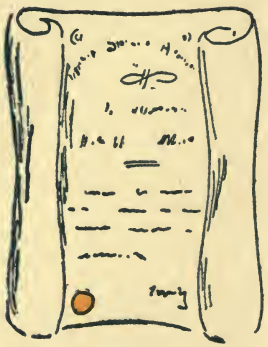
Commencement Week

Ivy or Class Day

Ivy or Class Day

Baccalaureate Sermon

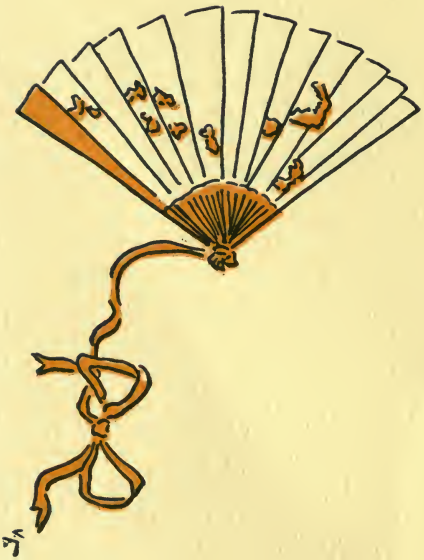
Commencement Day



Picture and Sample of Commencement Gown

Pictures of Commencement Week

Programmes

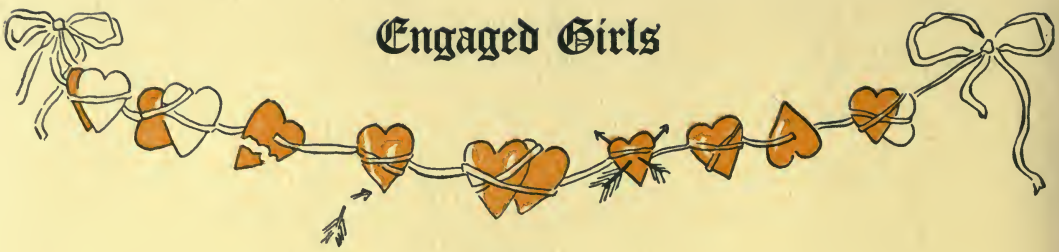


Farewell Entertainments

Class Supper

Prophecies

Engaged Girls



Ballade of the Alumna

How sadly in these latter days,
In search of memories bitter-sweet,
We tread the once accustomed ways
With step grown slow and lagging feet—
Timed to the pulse's slower beat,—
And climb the stair and reach the floor,
To find—alas! how time is fleet!
Another's name is on the door!

We timid knock, and beg to gaze
On all once ours—are shown a seat.
O irony! In sad amaze
We marvel that it looks so neat,
Recalling how we used to meet
At gruesome hours in days of yore,—
Hours that fate can ne'er repeat:
Another's name is on the door.

Our ready chaff, our wordy frays,
Conviction backed by young conceit,
Have left no echoes; nothing stays
To mark how once we "led the street";
But others come with youthful heat,
Nor reck of those who came before,
And play their part—their years complete;—
Another's name is on the door.

ENVOY

Freshmen our age with reverence greet,
And warning take though grievèd sore,
No words delay, no prayers entreat,—
Another's name is on the door.

EDITH CHILD, *Bryn Mawr Lantern.*

Future Addresses

Future Addresses

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs

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